

HOW FARMER GRAB MADE PROFIT OUT OF DELAY.



1. Farmer Grab makes an early start to market with his eggs.



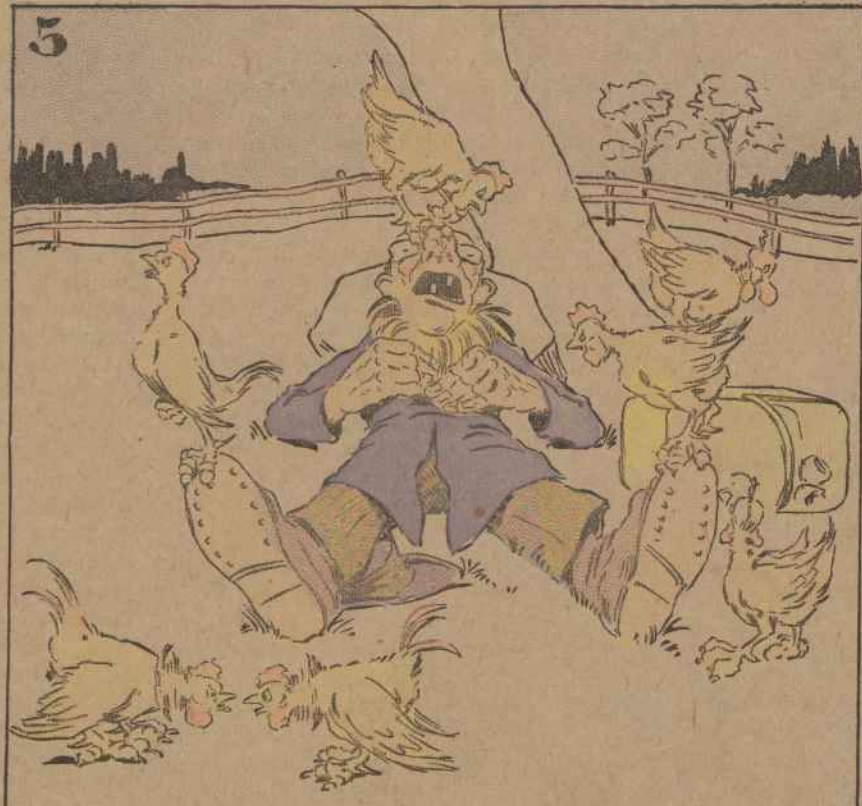
2. —but loses some time in political discussion,—



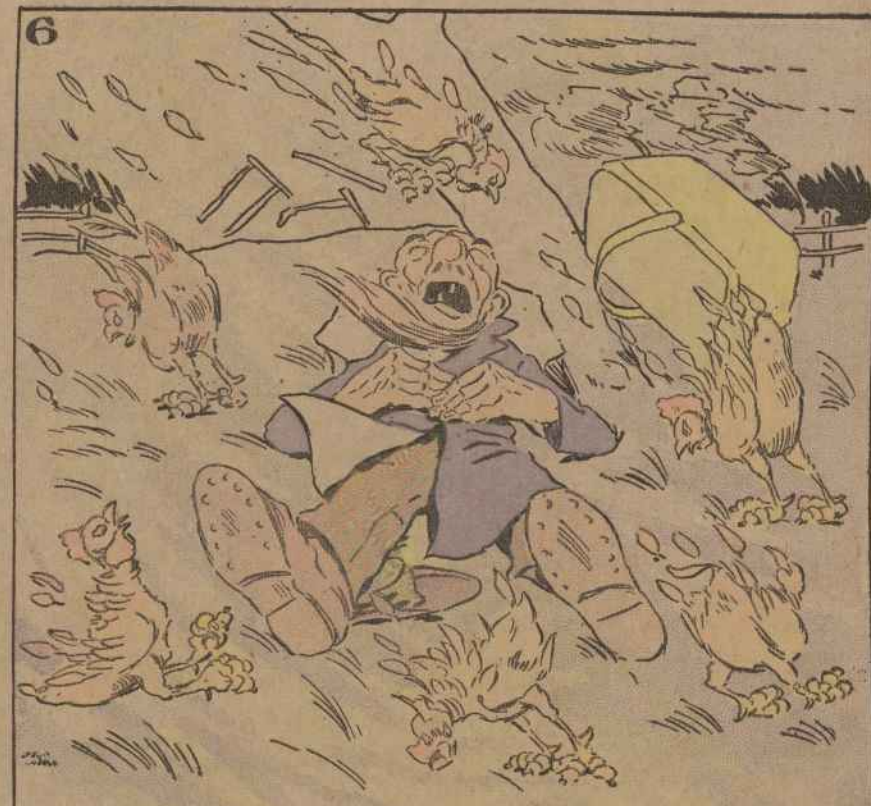
3. —and tarries long at the tavern, leaving his freight in the sun.



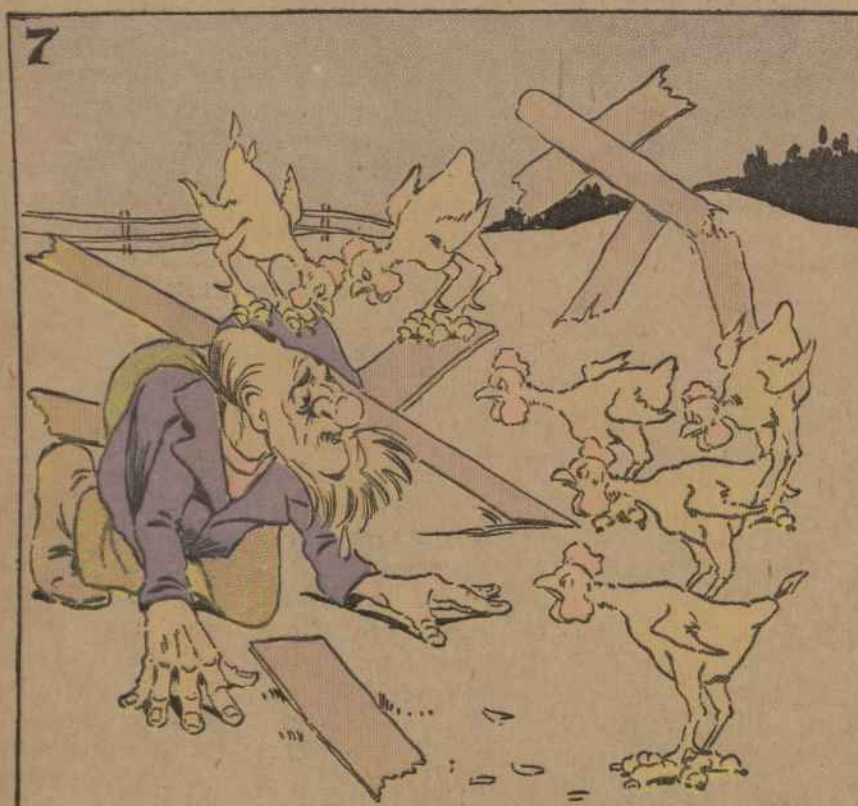
4. He accumulates a heat which hatches out most of the eggs,—



5. —and takes so long to sleep it off that the chickens grow into broilers.



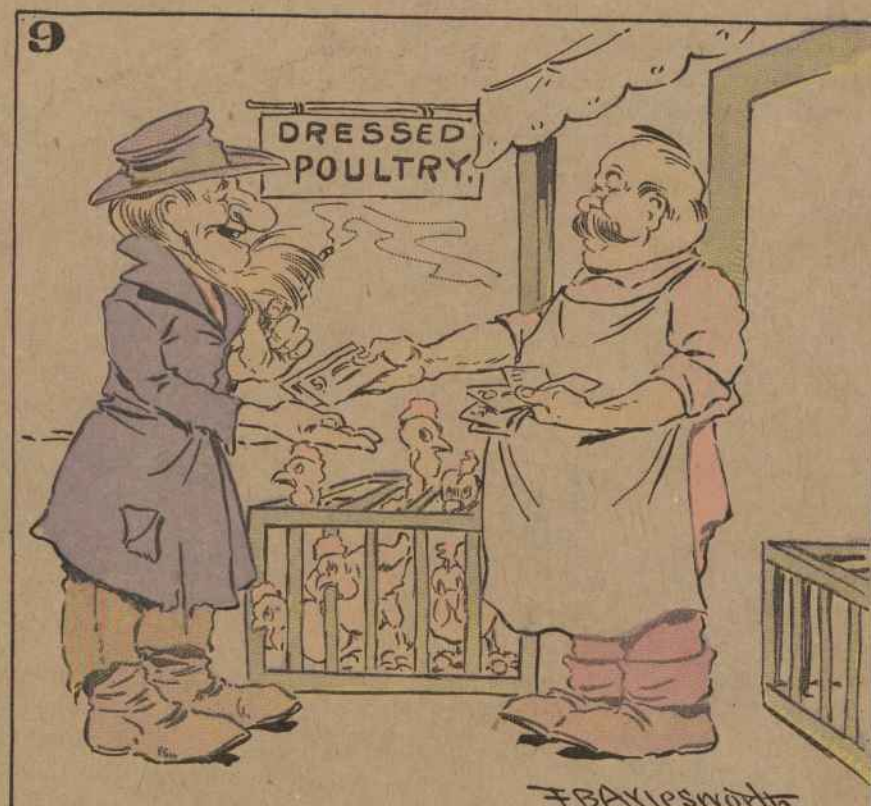
6. During his long rest a cyclone arises.



7. After the storm has subsided he picks himself up, and finds that the force of the wind has stripped all the chickens of their feathers.



8. The chicks are so embarrassed that they are easily led to market,—



9. —where the fact that they are nicely plucked makes a ready sale and improved price.

His Experience.

"And I suppose," said the man who was investigating social problems, "that convict labor is extremely cheap."

"I should say so," assented the ex-convict. "I did four years of it for a job that paid me only forty-seven dollars."

A Timely Hint.

"Good-by, father," said young Josh Medders, as he started for the city.

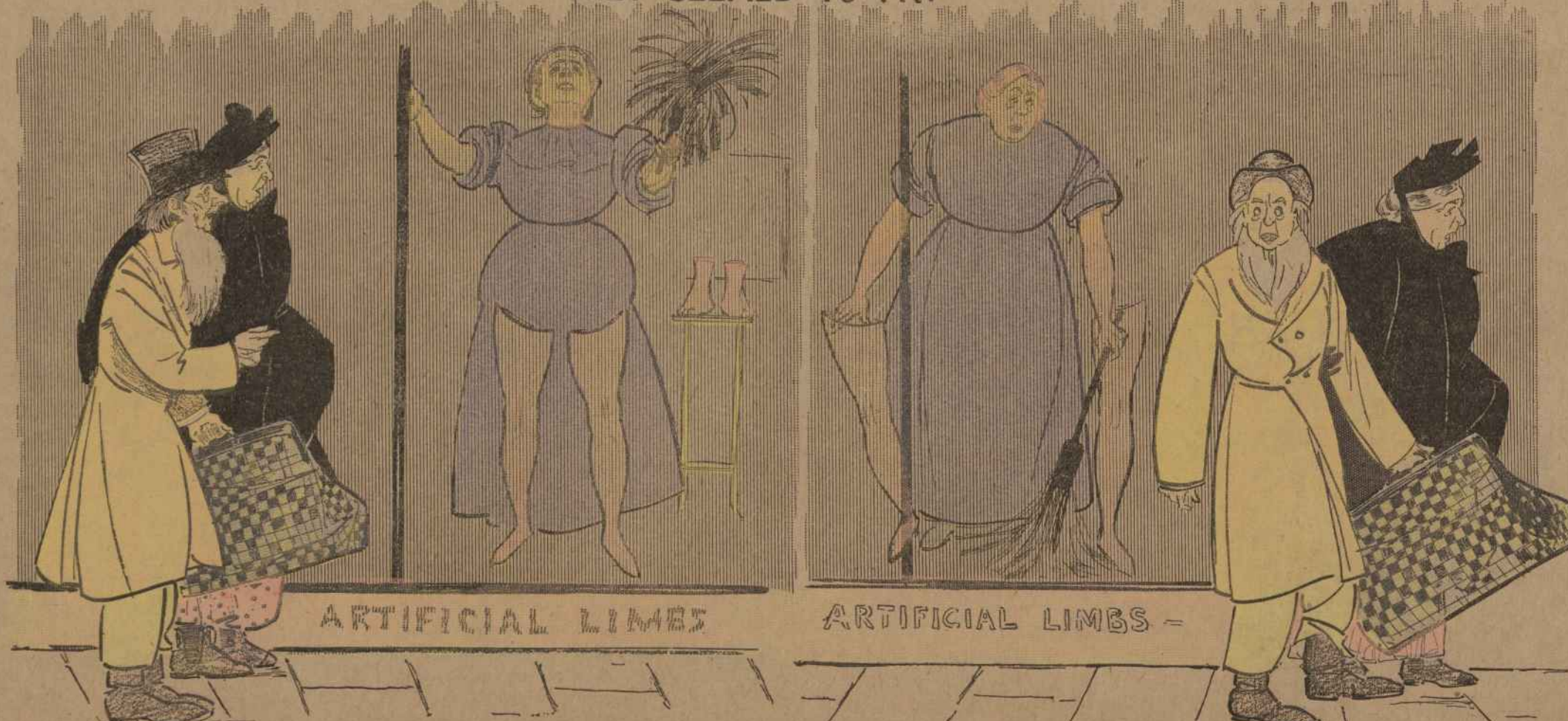
"Good-by, my son," replied the old man, "and don't forget that, while Fortune is pretty certain to knock at every man's door, she has never been known to meet him at the depot with a gold brick in her hand."

Fumes Too Strong.

PERCY—What lth the maffah with Cholly?

HAROLD—He lth beastly drunk. Some wude wetch put whiskey in hith vinnig-rette.

THEY SEEMED TO FIT.



1. "Lor sakes, Reuben! Just look as how these Noo Yorkers has ballet girls to clean their windows."

2. MRS. HOGAN: "And O'd loike to know phwat the devil those hayseeds was saying about me," was raised on pound cake.

Reversing the Simile.

SOCIETY REPORTER (writing up the ball)—"The magnificent and costly tiara of pearls worn by Miss Rockerbilt was the sensation of the occasion. The famous beads stood out on her lovely forehead like"—like—help me out, some of you fellows!

BASEBALL REPORTER (inspired)—Great drops of perspiration.

Another Nickel

He eyed the other intently. Leaning over him confidentially, he said:

"You understand, of course, that this goes no further with you?"

The other man started. "Quite so," he admitted, "but I get a transfer, do I not?"

Bred in the Bone.

WILLIE—I tell yer dat Muggins is a born prize fighter.

JOHNNIE—Sure t'ing! He was raised on pound cake.